

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

Mrs. J. J. Skelton Editor.

The bonnets ordered by American milliners for the spring trade are rather large and are to be worn far back on the head with ample face trimmings. The material is chip in all the light colors, and also in sapphire, garnet, white and black. Sapphire and garnet are also seen in straw goods, and these are some mixed goods in which garnet blue and white are used. The hats have high crowns and are to be worn on the forehead; a few are of the beaver-cater shape, but the greater number are English in style. Broad-brimmed Leghorn hats are to be worn at the summer resorts, and will be caught down at the side with square bows of satin and trimmed with field flowers. China crape hats, with face trimmings of crushed roses and with white ostrich feathers, almost covering the crown, have also been prepared for exhibition. The most beautiful of the new ribbons have gold and silver wrought into their patterns in a way of which manufacturers on this side of the Atlantic have not yet discovered the secret, but the price of these, even in narrow widths, is almost fabulous, and most milliners will content themselves and their customers with something less expensive. A great many satin ribbons in solid colors will be used on the spring bonnets, which will be very simply trimmed; a wreath of foliage laid around the crown, and a ribbon placed above the brim and tying under the chin, constituting their sole adornment. Two-toned ribbons will still be used, and a profusion of Pompadour, Persian and Turkish designs have been ordered. The sapphire tint is found not only in ribbons, but in flowers and bunches of long-stemmed asters, and after buds will be worn both on the bonnet and at the throat. There are a great many roses among the new flowers, but the prettiest things are the wreaths and garlands in imitation of mosses and nigonette blossoms. The nigonette is combined with almost all other flowers this year, so that those who select the color for their costumes will have no difficulty in matching it in their bonnet trimmings. The floral wreaths worn for bonnets last year are to be replaced by clusters of flowers lying on black lace and having smaller clusters dropping at the back. All of these flowers have long stems, and the effect is rather odd and pretty. India muslin and Breton lace are to be used on some French clips and Breton lace, and its imitations will replace thread and Valenciennes on all the summer bonnets. The designs for summer costumes indicate that women are to be much better dressed this year than they were last, when the influence of the ugly knit suit was apparent everywhere, and matrons who should have known better went about in gowns that were apparently made for their daughters. The underskirts are short and round, or puffed with small trails, and are either with or without flounces, as the wearer chooses. Occasionally very deep knit platings are used when the overskirt is draped curtain fashion, or slashed at the side, but the overskirts must in favor have long, wrinkled aprons, and are drawn back enough to give slenderness to the figure, without being strained tight enough to be uncomfortable. The back breadths are draped very slightly, and in some cases are allowed to hang loose after being arranged in a wide boxpleat with two single ones at each side. The laces are cut with vests, or are double-breasted, and do not differ materially from the winter models, except in having the neck cut out in shallow shape; the sleeves are small and close, and the cuffs are rather plain.

HOUSEWIVES CORNER.

BALTIMORE MEAT PIE.—Pare two pounds of potatoes, cover them with hot water, and let them simmer till done; mash them, and add a little cream and salt; lay them in the style of paste in a dish; place on thin slices of undermeat, either mutton, beef, or veal; lay them in thickly; pour over them some gravy, a wine glass of catsup, then cover thick with mashed potatoes, and bake moderately for about forty minutes. MEAT RISSOLETS.—Chop fine the cold meat, carefully excluding every particle of fat, skin and outside, pound in a mortar with a small piece of butter, adding pepper, salt, and powdered fine herbs; moisten with stock; put this into a pan on the fire and take off as soon as hot; stir in the yolk of an egg beaten up with a little lemon juice, and put the mixture by to cool; make a paste of six ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, the yolks of two eggs, and a little water; roll it out and cut it into small squares; put the meat in the center and paste the corners over, pressing them well down; fry in hot lard and serve with parsley. HAM AND EGGS.—Cut the ham into thin slices and broil, and spread on it a little butter. Poach the eggs in salted water, and lay neatly upon the ham. BOILED HAM.—Soak twenty-four hours; put into a pot with cold water and boil gently for five or six hours; take it off the fire and let it remain in the water until cold. Peel off the skin and sprinkle with bread and cracker-crumbs, and brown in the oven. Slice very thin for the table. BOAST LAMB.—Choose a hind quarter of lamb, stuff it with the bread crumbs, and pepper, salt, butter, and a little sage. Sew the flap firmly to keep in place, rub the outside with salt, pepper, butter, a little of the stuffing, and roast two hours. Eat with mint sauce. BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—Put on in boiling water with a little salt, boil two hours and a half, make a sauce of melted butter, a piece of butter the size of an egg, stir with a tablespoonful of flour well, then stir into a pint of boiling water, with a tablespoonful of capers. Put into a sauce-tureen on the table, and garnish the dish with boiled cauliflower and parsley. MINCED FOWLS.—Remove from the bones all the flesh of either cold roast or boiled fowls. Clean it from the skin, and keep covered from the air until ready for use. Boil the bones and skin with three-fourths of a pint of water until reduced quite half. Strain the gravy and let cool. Next, having first skinned off the fat, put it into a clean saucepan with a half cup of cream, three ounces of butter, well mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Keep these stirred until they boil. Then put in the fowl, finely minced with three hard boiled eggs, chopped, and sufficient salt and pepper to season. Shake the mixture over the fire until just ready to boil. Dish it on hot toast, and serve. BAKED ONIONS.—Wash, but do not peel the onions; boil one hour in boiling water, slightly salt, changing the water twice in the time; when tender, drain on a cloth, and roll each in buttered tissue paper, twisted at the top, and bake an hour in a slow oven. Peel and brown them; serve with melted butter. CORN MEAL MUFFINS.—Three pints of corn meal, one pint flour, two eggs, five teaspoonful of baking-powder. R. Rev. Bishop Spalding of Peoria is delivering a course of Lenten lectures in St. Michael's Church, New York, of which Rev. Father Donnelly is pastor; for the benefit of a new children's Home. Bishop Spalding was formerly the beloved assistant pastor of St. Michael's.

NOTES OF IRISH HISTORY.

The Irish were a lettered people, while the Saxons were immersed in barbarism. Ancient Irish historians, who wrote one thousand years ago, left behind them manuscripts copied from manuscripts still more ancient, giving many interesting accounts of the earliest settlement of the island. Just when it was first peopled is not known; authorities differ. The first Milesian colony came thirteen hundred years before Christ, and this colony found Ireland had been peopled three hundred years before that. It was the name of the earliest known chief who visited Ireland. He came with one hundred and fifty followers, about 1268 years before the Christian era. The inhabitants not knowing who or what he was, attacked him and drove him back and killed him. The fleet returned to Spain. This defeat aroused the ire and curiosity of the friends of Ith. They resolved to avenge his death. They gathered together their followers and went to sea in thirty ships, each carrying thirty men, besides women and children and dependents. They came in due time to Wexford, then called Iubhr Stiois. This was 1264 years before Christ. They summoned the inhabitants to surrender, but they refused; not having had knowledge of the coming, they were not prepared to resist. A good deal of negotiation followed, but it was finally agreed that the invaders should return to their ships, clear the coast, and then, if they could land again, they would either submit or fight. This was a fair bargain. The invaders accepted, went to sea, but a storm coming on, five of the eight sons of Milesius, the commander of the expedition, perished. The fleet, or what remained of it, divided into two parts and sought the shore again. One part landed at Drogheda, another in Kerry, near Tralee. At this latter place a bloody battle took place, in which the women fought as well as the men. Scathal, the widow of Milesius, was killed, and the news of her death is known to this day as Scathal's Hill. The divided invaders met and again fought the inhabitants on the plains of Meath. Both sides were commanded by three brothers. The battle lasted all day. At last the contest narrowed down to the six opposing leaders. They came to a hand to hand contest, and the invaders conquered. Thus the Milesian invaders became the masters of Ireland, and continued to rule it 2,400 years. OWEN ROE O'NEILL was son of Art O'Neill, and grand-nephew to Hugh, Earl of Tyrone. He was born in Ireland about the year 1590, and was sent to Spain while yet a child, and received part of his education in one of the colleges of Salamanca. His memorable defence of Arras, whereby he held the town with a garrison of 1,500 foot (chiefly Irish) and 400 horse—cut off from all reinforcements of men and provisions—against the three most distinguished marshals of France, on the 13th of June to the 10th of August, 1640, showed his superior talents and ability, and was in every respect honorable to him. His career in Ireland afterwards, his conduct at the battle of Benbulbin, and his superior military excellence justified the words of the poet: "Had he lived, had he lived, our dear country had been free."

AN ATHEIST'S TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH.

After a dedication of a Catholic hospital in Dayton, Ohio, on the 15th instant, a Dr. Reeve, an infidel and an Atheist, delivered an address, in which he said:— I congratulate the Church, under whose auspices, and by whose efforts, this institution has been founded. It is a Church which claims our attention and consideration in the highest degree in several important respects. In age it surpasses all other human institutions. Beginning back at the time when history and fable mingle together, its existence has continued unbroken, while change and decay have touched and swept away everything else. Cities have grown up from hamlets, enjoyed long periods of prosperity, and have dwindled to insignificance during her life time; the boundaries of kingdoms and empires have constantly been shifting, and dynasties have arisen and fallen, while throughout the territory in which these changes have taken place, the worship of the altar has been from the same ritual, and by the priests of the same Church. Her domain spreads from Greenland and Labrador to Patagonia, and from east to west all over the world. Her widespread as she is, her efforts do not cease, old as she is, no symptoms of decrepitude have manifested themselves. She is sending out her missionaries, active, devoted, self-sacrificing as ever, in all directions. She is building churches, schools, and hospitals on every side of us, and it is safe to say that to-day her numbers exceed the numbers of all other Christian churches together. But it is not these greater characteristics of the Catholic Church that concern us here. It is her activity, her untiring energy in regard to institutions for the amelioration of human misery. Wherever the crosses on their churches are seen there are to be found hospitals for the sick and asylums for the orphan. Under her fostering care are found such institutions in every city in our land, and wherever civilization extends. This, too, is a matter of public note, open to the observation of all. I would rather speak of that less obstructive but never wearying attention to the sick which does not attract so much the public eye, but which every physician observes in the practice of his calling. Wherever there is disease and suffering in the household, there comes the "Sister" with good counsel and efficient aid. Whether there is a dying man or a priest in his bedside when a woman is in peril he comes, whatever the hour of night, not only to administer the rites of his religion, but to cheer and reanimate the pain-racked patient, to strengthen the hand of the doctor, as he performs some critical operation. It is this unobtrusive, silent, never tiring, unselfish service of the Catholic Church that exalts the praise of men of all religions, attracts the attention of men of no religion, and challenges the admiration of the world.

A CHILD FASCINATING BIRDS IN OHIO.

We learn from a correspondent that there resides in the vicinity of Harrisburg, in an out-of-the-way place in Hancock county, about three miles west of Mount Blanchard, a very remarkable child, only five years old, who seems to have the power to charm birds at will. Her mother first noticed this strange fascination that the child possessed about a year ago. The little girl was playing in the dooryard among a bevy of snowbirds, and when she spoke to them they would come and light upon her twittering with glee. On taking them in her hands and stroking them, the birds, instead of trying to get away from their captives, seemed to be highly pleased, and when let loose would fly away a short distance, and immediately return to the child again. She took several of them into the house to show her mother, who thinking she might hurt them, put them out of doors, but no sooner was the door opened than the birds flew into the room again, and lit upon the girl's head and began to chirp. The birds remained about the premises all winter, flying to the girl whenever the door was opened. The parents of the little child became alarmed, believing that this strange power was an illusion, and they called in a physician, who was unable to visit their house. But death did not come, and during last summer the child has had numerous pets from the birds. The child handles the birds so gently that a humming-bird once in her hand does not fall to return. This winter a bevy of birds have kept her company, and she has been very kind to them at a time. Every morning the birds fly to her window, and leave only when the sun sinks in the west. The parents of this girl are poor, superstitious people, and have been reticent about the matter until lately, fearing some great calamity was about to befall them.—Pittsburgh Review.

FALLEN ROYALTY.

I went to Waterloo station to see the last of young Louis Napoleon, who is off to the Cape to have a look at the Zulus. He was accompanied, as you know, by Eugenie as far as Southampton. It really gave me a pang to behold this once peerless beauty, to whom was presented in the days of her utmost splendor, both of beauty and of fame. I have often seen her since, and have noted to you the various changes time has wrought in that once unsurpassable loveliness. But on this occasion really her appearance was so pathetic that it made the ears spring to my eyes, she was attired in a style which we ladies understand as half-mourning, and carried in her beautifully modeled hand a large bouquet of early spring violets, the chosen emblem of the Napoleonic dynasty, and the odorous harbinger for us of all lovely days to come anon. Her hair is still the beautiful blonde so inseparably connected with her name, and this is something that puzzles me, unless I accept the explanation which has been given by some observers—that she wears a wig. Certainly there is not a thread of gray visible. Otherwise she has aged indeed. She looked positively haggard, pale as a ghost, her drooping, fatigued eyes encircled with the blue rings of care and anxiety. Her faded appearance formed a great contrast with that of her son, a roselbud of a young fellow, in the first blush of joyous youth, up to anything you like, you know; and evidently just babbling over with pleasurable excitement at the thought of going out to the seat of war with numbers of the greatest "swells" in the British army. One has only to see these two relics of the Imperial shipwreck to fully understand what a fearful sacrifice it must be to Eugenie to give up her boy, even for the short period of four months, which is supposed to be the length of his stay in Africa. She is the French mother to the very letter, quite a different being from an English or an American maternal parent. She has no sympathy with him; her eyes incessantly upon him; idleness is legible in every glance. Since his departure her condition, I hear, has been really alarming. Tears, sobs, and fainting fits have succeeded each other almost uninterruptedly, which cries of "O, non flos, non flos, cheri!" have wrung the hearts of her listening attendants.—Olive Logan.

TWO CONFEDERATE HEROES.

Mrs. FREDERICK YATES PEMBER. After the battle of Fredericksburg, while giving small doses of brandy to a dying man, a low, pleasant voiced man said "Madam." It came from a youth not over eighteen years of age, seeming very ill, but so placid with that earnest, far-away gaze so common to the eyes of those who are looking forth last on this world. Does God? His mercy gave a glimpse of coming peace, past understanding, that we look with such strong yearning to fathom that we see reflected in the dying eyes into which we look with such strong yearning to fathom that we see? He shook his head in negative to all offers of food and drink or suggestions of softer pillow and lighter covering. "I want Perry," was his only wish. On inquiry I found that Perry was the friend and companion who marched by his side in the field and slept next to him in camp, but of whose whereabouts I was ignorant. Armed with a requisition from our surgeon I sought him among the sick and wounded at all the other hospitals. I found him at Camp Jackson, put him in my ambulance, and on arrival at my own hospital found my patient had dropped asleep. A bed was brought and placed at his side and Perry, only slightly wounded, laid upon it. Just then the sick boy awoke, scowled, turned over, and the half-conscious eyes fixed itself. He must have been dreaming of the meeting, for he still distrusted the reality. Illness had spiritualized the youthful face; the transparent forehead, the delicate brow so clearly defined, belonged more to heaven than earth. As he recognized his comrade the wan and expressionless face brightened into the happiest smile—the angel of death had brought the light of summer skies to that pale face. "Perry," he cried, "Perry," and not another word, but with one last effort he threw himself into his friend's arms, the radiant eyes closed, but the smile still remained—he was dead.

THE ASTLEY BELT.

The champion belt, which for a year has been held by an American, but which now goes back to England, is a heavy chain of eight links, or plates, one of solid gold and seven of sterling silver, fastened to each other by staves and silver bars, and fastened underneath to the real belt, which is of red leather. The total weight of this ornament is not far from five pounds, so that, however desirable the possession of it may be, no pedestrian would wear it while at work. The central link is a golden one; it is irregularly elliptical in shape, and is surrounded by a fancifully cut border in scroll patterns. In the center of the link or plate is an inscription in raised block letters—large caps—faced with blue enamel. The inscription reads:—"Long distance champion of the world." The seven silver links are uniform in shape and size, being oblong in shape and about three inches by four and a half in size. On the two next in place to the golden link are raised figures in bas relief—the figure on one being that of a runner, and on the other that of a walker. These figures are carefully finished, and the background of the links are engraved with very sketchy landscapes. The link exactly opposite to the golden one—the one which would find its place at the back were the golden link in front—is engraved with the following inscription:—"Presented by Sir J. D. Astley, Bart., M.P., March, 1875." The next link to the right, or the third one to the left of the golden one, is inscribed as follows:—"Won Daniel O'Leary, of Chicago, U. S. A., March 18, 1878. Distance, 52 1/2 miles in 138 hours, 43 minutes, beating H. Vaughan, Chester, 500 miles; H. Brown, 'Blower,' of Fulham, 476 miles, and 18 others." The original cost of the belt was £100.—N. Y. Herald.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical in some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and then Mrs. Graham added:—"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave the society its first dollar and its first kind word." He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a \$10 bill, and, as the ladies snatched their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:—"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?" "Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused. "And it wants money?" "Yes—yes." "Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are seventy married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make out that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the money is yours," continued the wretch. "Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other. "If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this X goes to the society," said Johnson. "If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on. "Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

We should never abuse inanimate things—even a back fence has its follies. The life of the Cannibal Islands evinces a preference for sopors as Evangelizers. "All men were born free and equal," except the Indians and Chinamen. Why is the sound of the death-watch in a dungeon like an Irishman? Because it is a cell tick. What is the difference between a sun-struck man and a corn doctor? One feels the heat, the other feels the feet. A blister is not the only thing a man has at his tongue's end when he puts the wrong end of a cigar in his mouth. A profound writer says: "We are created especially for one another." Then why blame the cannibals in wanting to get their share. "Oh, Sal," said she, "I feel so glad now that it is all over between me and John, because now I can eat as many onions as I please." "Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?" "Then don't go." In consequence of the idiotic state of the public mind, you are requested not to cough or sneeze when passing a bank. It might cause a panic. Life seems a howling wilderness to the man who stands in his bedroom with a Niagara of water dripping from his face and hands and no towel in sight. Nature may have intended man to drink water. It looks that way from the fact that she will freeze up the water pipes on the slightest occasion, and never meddle with a barrel of whiskey when she can help it. When a telegram announces a fire in the oil regions, and says "The Entire Town Destroyed," we feel sorry for the town; but when we learn that the loss is estimated at \$6,000,000, we wonder whether it was a beer saloon or a blacksmith shop that was burned. A three-year-old baby of Thomas McGuin, of Youngstown, Ohio, is the latest case. Shot itself in the head with a revolver it was playing with. It is probable the parents were too poor to keep a mad dog. The Scientific News contains a very ingenious recipe for "making a hole in glass." We have all due respect for the advancement of the age, and are surprised and gratified at the march of science; but we have not given up our faith in the efficacy of a small boy with a brick.

THE CONSTITUTION.

"Where do you expect to go when you die, young man?" said a minister sternly to an ungodly scoundrel. "I expect," was the reply, "to the grave, but the chances are that I'll pull up in some blamed medical college or other." The preacher retired to write a sermon on the flippancy of the times. A witness testified:—"The last time I saw the defendant before to-day he was sitting on the kerbstone one high about eleven o'clock, waiting, as he said, for his house to come along that way and take him in." "Well," asked the prisoner's counsel "and what did you infer from that?" "I inferred that the last place he'd been in wasn't a temperance meeting." Gilhooly had been unemployed for some time, so when a friend kindly tendered him the portfolio of second assistant in a butcher's shop he gladly accepted the responsibility. A woman came into the store, yesterday, and Gilhooly blandly handed her an ox's tail when she asked for "round steak." When the boss found out about the affair he at once declared Gilhooly impeached with forfeiture of his wages; and now the latter is looking for a position as a paragon, or as post-laureate for a candy-maker, to imitate the verses in the "secrets." Here's a chance for some enterprising paragon who wants to get up a political paragraph. All you have to do is to fill up the blanks; we'll furnish the rhymes: Gear risky Beer cause Whiskey temperance cause three hurrans. —Kokak Constitution. We are not enterprising, but can fill this out for you just as well as not, on the condition that you will not sue us for libel: The Constitution's out of Its habits are so very Its paragoner will take Whenever he can get no He advocates the And then for gin gives —Irene Scotland. A barber who advanced his business and went into the ministry was suddenly called to baptize three candidates. He got on very well, but after baptizing the first he astonished his congregation by lustily shouting, "Next!"